MURDER Can Be fun

JOHNNY MARR
P. O. BOX 640111
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109

In defiance of all odds, I'm back with #2. More disease for diseased minds? I hope so. Some fun stuff, here: a torture murder, a morbid tour of SF, a few suggestions for summer reading, along with the usual odds 'n' ends, some of which are quite odd. But wouldn't you rather read "Bitter" Bierce instead of an interview with the current headbanger crossover heroes? (If not, you deserve to be fucking the devil's daughter up the butt).

A few mundane notes. PAY ATTENTION, DAMNIT!! Mail must be addressed to Johnny Marr, not MORF. Let us not confuse the mental retardates USPS hires these days, ok? Ditto for the box number - it's 640111 (right, three one's), not 64011.

Before I forget, the primary source for "Prisoners", the article on the cover girl, is Kate Millet's THE BAS-MENT. A good, unusual book on an unusual crime. I would dearly love to get my hands on the only other book, John Dean's INDIANA TORTURE MURDER, a mid 60s paperback. I'll make it worth your while $$

Last, "I'm looking for people who like to draw" I sure can't. Help!

John

Address all positive/negative/threatening feedback to Johnny Marr. Next ish (October?) 50¢ or 2 - 22¢ stamps (cheap!). Will trade for worthwhile items, but guess who's the final judge? (nyah, nyah!!) 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Weird things have this way of showing up in my mailbox. By now, I've written away for so much crap & gotten on so many mailing lists, I have no idea why I'm getting half the stuff. But I'm not complaining. I'm having fun, even if I do have to empty my wastebasket everyday. So break out the stamps - your mailbox, too, can be polluted.

EXTINCT PRODUCTIONS - 2301 Prairie/ Aurora, IL 60506
A nice little service here for all you zine buggs. A catalog of 50 or so zines that you can order (including this one) for really cheap. Send an SASE. And if you have a rag you'd like him to handle, send a sample along with your SASE. Isn't this nice?

EAEC - PO Box 41001/ Sacramento, CA 95841
A fairly creepy, amusing bunch of bible-thumpers here. They're out to rid the world of Satan (of course!) which means bye-bye to Dungeons & Dragons, Rock 'n' Roll, Mormons, and Jehovah's Witnesses. Just send them a card, asking for info on any of these subjects, and you're sure to get some real stupid literature.

READER'S DIGEST REPRINTS - Reprint Editor/ Reader's Digest/ Pleasantville, NY 10570
Send 'em a card asking for their "Stop Drunk Driving Now" reprint. It reprints several crusading articles which should appeal to anyonewith morbid tastes. Lotsa gory details!

KAREN CARPENTER FAN CLUB - PO Box 823-A/ Burbank, CA 91503
Yes, these people really think that Karen was the greatest singer of all time. I think nothing became her so much in life as the leaving of it. They'll probably want to kill me. Send 'em 25¢ for details, & tell 'em you saw it in THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER.

COLLECTOR'S CLASSIFIED - Box 347/ Holbrook, MA 02343
A strange little hobby ad rag. Mainly stamps & coins, but the ad rates are so low, you have people buying, selling & trading everything. Well worth splurging 25¢ for a sample copy.

JOHNSON SMITH - C-6223/ Mt. Clemens, MI 48043
A truly trashy novelty catalog of stuff that you never knew existed, and now that you know it, won't consider buying. Marvel at the fact, though, that out there, somewhere, people are eagerly buying this crap. Just for this it's worth sending 'em a card asking for it.

I bet all you fanzine editors out there are wondering "Why didn't he review my fanzine?". Simple. No space, so, in fairness, none of the zines I've been getting were reviewed. Until I add more pages (hopefullyin the next ish or two), I'm going to be pressed for space, and priority goes to stuff you won't find in other zines. I will keep trading, though, and reviews are planned - so keep 'em coming.

MURDER CAN BE FUN is published by Johnny Marr solely to gratify his ego. Opinions expressed herein may or may not reflect those of the editor. Besides, he may change his mind tomorrow. The usual tokens of appreciation go out to Barb Wire, Barb Warr, Karen, Richard, and Scott (though he's been a bit cranky of late). Latest addition to the hit list: Brian (scumfucker!). If you get AIDS, Joe, the death of 100,000 people will not have been in vain.

PRISONERS

Indianapolis - October 26, 1965. A routine police call, investigating a report of a teen-age girl who'd stopped breathing. Drugs? Alcohol? A rare heart attack? Nothing really unusual, though, no hint of violence. Or so the police thought when they arrived at 3850 E. New York St.

There they met the head of the house, Gertrude Baniszewski. The dead girl, she explained, was 16-year old Sylvia Likens. Her and her 15-year old sister, Jennie, had been boarding with Gertie & her 7 kids while their parents worked the fair circuit in the southwest. But Sylvia had proven to be a wild child, who'd run off for days at a time. Why, this was the first time she'd been there in 2 weeks!. She'd just shown up that evening, telling how she'd gone with a gang of boys who'd used and then beaten her. She described what had happened in a letter to her parents while Gertie brewed her a cup of tea & listened sympathetically. She then went up to her room to lie down. When Gertie checked on her later, she'd stopped breathing.

And if you believe this story, you're probably still bummed because Santa didn't show last year.

But the police really had no reason to doubt, yet. A cop stuck the note into his pocket, unread, while they went upstairs to view the body.

Sylvia was lying on a mattress, dressed in a clean, white pair of pedal pushers. Her hair was still wet, as though she'd just stepped from a bath. She had been beaten, severely. Over 150 cigarette burns on her body, some several weeks old. Her half-starved body covered with welts, bruises, burns, and scalds. Her lower lip chewn completely through from pain.

And, for a Kafka-esque touch, branded across her stomach the words "I am a prostitute and proud of it".

Sylvia had been so abused that the coroner would later state that death could have been due to any one of 6 causes. Clearly, she'd been in the hands of some pretty determined sadists. Naturally, the police questined everyone in the house at the time - Gertie, her kids, and a few neighbor teens. All told the same story, that gang of nasty boys, until the police got to Jenny, Sylvia's sister. "Get me away from them & I'll tell you everything".

The sadists had been no other than Gertie & her brood, along with a few neighbor boys. The Likens had not chosen well when they'd left their daughters in Gertie's care. This house was Poverty & Chaos. Income was the occaisonal child-support check from Gertie's ex-husband, the few dollars she earned selling pop at the speedway, or, most important, the $20 room&board checks for the Likens girls. If mommie & daddie remembered.

There was no stove or oven, and hardly any furniture. Cooking was done on a hot plate. The family silverware consisted of one spoon. Right. For ten people. When one was done, they'd wash it for the next one.

And into this powder keg, enter 2 more teenagers. Gertie took an almost immediate dislike to the girls, especially when the $20 was late that first week. Gertie beat them both, till her had ached, for that one, and would repeat this in the coming months with each late or missed payment.

Though this didn't exactly make the girls feel welcome or loved, neither was it completely unexpected. They'd grown up in conditions not so different from those at Gertie's, and getting the crap knocked out of you periodically was a natural part of it. As much as the cheap food and cheap rent, or the rats & the bugs.

Gertrude Baniszewski

Sylvia's "note" →

To Mr and Mrs Likens.

I went with a gang of boys in the middle of the night and they said that they would pay me if I would give them something so I got in the car and they all got what they wanted and they did and when they got finished they beat me up and left sores on my face and all over my body.

And they also put on my stomach. I am a prostitute and proud of it. I have done just about everything that I could do just to make Gertie mad and cost Gertie more money than she's got. I've tore up a new mattress and peaed on it. I have also cost Gertie doctor bills that she really can't pay and made Gertie a nervous wreck. I have broken another kitchen chair. I have been making Gertie a nervous wreck and all her kids. I cost her $35.00 for a hospital in one day and I wouldn't do nothing around the house. I have done any thing to do things to make things out of the way to make things worse for them. [Exhibit 5, p. 86]

But the beatings grew steadily worse, and directed more & more towards Sylvia. Maybe it was her clowning, flippiant attitude that pissed Gertie off, that she'd talk back. Or how she went around Tech High, calling Gertie's 2 oldest daughters sluts. (Very bad - 18-year old Paula was very pregnant, very unmarried, and very unhappy with the situation). She did make a better target than Jenny, who was shy & quiet & still gimpy from polio. According to Gertie, "Sylvia wanted something from life. But I could not find out what it was". But she did make a guess. Sylvia was bad. She needed discipline, to be shown the error of her ways. She needed to be beaten.

And the beatings grew more frequent & severe. No longer did Gertie rely on her hands; belts & boards came into play. Under Gertie's supervision, the children, especailly Paula, did most of the work. When Paula broke her wrist against Sylvia's jaw, it was no problem - new she had her own convenient club!

The tortures grew more refined, as the crew grew to include a few neighbor kids. Hey, there's a great new game - let's go over to the Baniszewski house & beat the shit out of Sylvia! One boy practiced his judo flips on her, & would toss her down the basement steps. Another contrived a rack to tie her up for beatings. Everyone was encouraged to put out their cigarettes on her skin. Another favorite game was holding her arm under scalding hot water, or, for real fun, tying her up & tossing her into a tub full of scalding water! What fun! And for variety, she'd be forced to dance nude in front of the boys, and stick a coke bottle up her vagina.

And of course, Gertie was overseeing all of this. It was being done for the child's own good, wasn't it? The crimes that girl had committed. Eating too much at the church supper. Having her brother (living elsewhere) buy her a hamburger. Saying she found that sneaker in the park, when she'd obviously stolen it. No doubt, this was all for her own good.

The beginning of the end came in early October when Sylvia wet her mattress. Not only did it set off a new round of beatings,

titlamaprostituteandproudofitlamaprostituteandproudofitlamaprostituteandproudofitlamaprostituteandproudofit

but she was locked up in the basement, until she learned to behave herself. They began playing catch-22 with her. She'd be forbidden water, but they'd force her to drink - and beat her for it. She'd be tied up for days, and beaten for wetting herself. They made her eat shit & drink piss.

It was almost over when Gertie had the bright idea of burning Sylvia's sins into her flesh so she couldn't forget what she was. One of the boys burnt into her stomach the accusation, "I am a prostitute and am proud of it". Two days later, Sylvia made an abortive dash for freedom which was only to end in a final beating, leaving her dead on the basement floor.

The crew panicked. How could she off & die on them? Lucky Gertie had forced her to write the note - just call the cops They're dumb, they'll never suspect a thing.

At the trial, Gertie tried to squirm out of it. Hey, maybe Sylvia had been killed by a buch of kids, but what kids? She didn't know, she'd been too sick to notice what those wild kids had been up to. This didn't go over to well, since every other kid copped to it - & pointed her out as the head, the one who knew how to spell "prostitute".

But the major question raised at the trial was how could this have happened? Gertie & co. weren't living in Outer Mongolia. Torturing someone to death makes lotsa noise - you'd think the neighbors would complain.or something. And why didn't Sylvia or Jenny try to get help themselves? Jenny was free to come & go, and Sylvia was only locked up for the last month.

The neighborhood was a classic case of "We don't want to get involved because we don't care". Sure, they knew some kid was getting whipped pretty good at Gertie's. They could hear the screams. Hell, it's a parents' right to beat their kids. And besides, the little bitch probably deserved it.

So much for the neighbors. Why didn't Sylvia run away, or Jenny go for help? There were cops, teachers, and social workers. They had a grown up brother & sister, as well as a grandmother, living in the city. Their parents visited from time to time. At the trial, Jenny was badgered by lawyers pointing out the dozens of people they could have gone to for help - but didn't.

It was because Gertie had a hold on them, all the power in the game. Her relationship with the girls was no different than that between Linda Lovelace & her pimp in ORDEAL or Fran & her husband in THE BURNING BED (see reviews this ish). Her message to the girls was clear - run away and/or tell anyone, and you'll get it twice as bad. Was it worth the gamble to get away? Or would it be safer sticking around, accepting the status quo & hoping it'll get better?

Jenny & Sylvia must have been dazed and paralyzed by their fear. Gertie & the band were so ruthless that they must be placated at any costs, just so things won't get worse. Thus we have Sylvia, accepting the torture almost without protest, and her sister Jenny watching, even participating in a mild way. She knew who would be next in the basement if she didn't. They never knew of a safe place to go for help, and probably would have been too intimidated to go if they did. They were both trapped as if Gertie had them both locked in a prison cell, and were that way until Sylvia died & Jenny saw the safe way out, with the cop in front of her. "Get me away from them & I'll tell you everything".

Gertie was found guilty, along with a few of her kids. The teenagers only got a few years, but Gertie was sent up for life. Somehow she managed to get a new trial in '71, and was found guilty again. She was finally paroled in December of last year, after having served 20 years. And she still maintains that all she wanted to do was teach Sylvia a lesson.

Iamaprostituteandproudofit Iamaprostituteandproudofit Iamaprostituteandproudofit Iamaprostituteandproudofit Iamaprostituteandproud

THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY

THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY
THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY
THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY

Ambrose Bierce was a nasty fellow who had an appropiately low opinion of humanity. He first rose to fame writing a vicious newspaper column in SF in the 1880s. More than once he had to blow town for a few weeks for "health" reasons. He later went on to write excellent horror stories and some black, black humour before disappearing in Mexico (searching for Pancho Villa) in 1913. Following are a few choice definitions from his classic DEVIL'S DICTIONARY. Pessimists rule!

Admiration: Our polite recognition of another's resemblance to ourselves.
African: A nigger that votes our way.
Alone: In bad company
Backbite: To speak of a man as you find him when he can't find you.
Beggar: One who has relied on the assistance of his friends.
Christian: One who believes that the New Testament is a divinely inspired book admirably suited to the spiritual needs of his neighbor. One who follows the teachings of Christ in so far as they are not incosistent with a life of sin.
Conservative: A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.
Cynic: A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be. Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision.
Dawn: The time when men of reason go to bed.
Diplomacy: The patriotic art of lying for one's country.
Egotist: A person of low taste, more interested in himself than me.
Faith: Belief without evidence in what is told by one who speaks without of knowledge of things without parallel.
Friendless: Having no favors to bestow. Destitute of fortune. Addicted to utterance of truth and common sense.
Hand: A singular instrument worn at the end of a human arm and commonly thrust into somebody's pocket.
Immigrant: An unenlightened person who thinks one country better than another.
Impartial: Unable to perceive any promise of personal advantage from espousing either side of a controversy or adopting either of two conflicting opinions.
Labor: One of the processes by which A acquires property for B.
Lawyer: One skilled in circumvention of the law.
Magpie: A bird whose thievish disposition suggested to some one that it might be taught to talk.
Misfortune: The kind of fortune that never misses.
Ocean: A body of water occupying about 2/3 of a world made for man - who has no gills.
Philanthropist: A rich (and usually bald) old gentleman who has trained himself to grin while his conscience is picking his pocket.
Pray: To ask that the l aws of the universe be annulled in behalf of a single petitioner confessedly unworthy.
Radicalism: The conservatism of tomorrow injected into the affairs of today.
Restitution: The founding or endowing of universities and public librarifes by gift or bequest.
Saint: A dead sinner revised and edited.
Vote: The instrument and symbol of a freeman's power to make a fool of himself and a wreck of his country.

The complete DEVIL'S DICTIONARY can be had in paperback for a mere $2.

Guide to Shopping

Guide to Dining

Guide to Shopping

Guide to Art Galleries

You're young, footloose & fancy free, on you wat to SF for the big vacation. Excellent taste, even if the City did get rated #4 (behind Seattle, LA, and New York) by "normal" tourists. But what to do once you get here? Scratch the guidebooks. All they do is point you to places whose only true distinction is a proliferation of t-shirt shops (I♥SF) and ice-cream stands. Hey, you want to make the scene, see the real cool stuff, have hot photos for the folks back home. You want to use:

The Fun Guide to:

What to See and Do

HAIGHT STREET (near the park): Where all the hip & trying-to-be-hip types hang out, along with a few acid casualties. Used clothes, records, books, cappuccino, punks, skins, trendies. Pre-yup, but going fast. Be sure to check out Charles Manson's house ('67) at 636 Cole.

POWELL/MARKET: The cable car turntable, where the rich meet the poor. Rich: the tourists lined up for the cable cars. Poor: the street musicians, bums, preachers, punk rock runaways & other assorted loose ends spare changing. Enough? Check out the huge WOOLWORTH'S & be amazed at their selection of I♥SF gear.

UNION SQARE: Convenient to Powell/Market, this is the ritzy downtown shopping area where designer imitations of thrift store originals go for $100s. If you're lucky, you'll catch the guy playing his casio with the stumps of his arms in front of Macy's. Fatty Arbuckle fans will want to pay hommage to Suites 1219 - 1221 of the St. Francis Hotel (Powell/Geary). Ideal for a photo of you swigging a bottle of Coke. (And if you haven't heard of Fatty, read Kenneth Anger's HOLLYWOOD BABYLON immediately!)

CABLE

CHI

EMBARCADERO C

GOLDEN GATE

UNION STREET

ALCATRAZ ISLAN

FISHERMAN'S WHAR

GHIRARDELL

GOLD

CARS

'A TOWN

ENTER

BRIDGE

D

F

SQUARE

GATE PARK

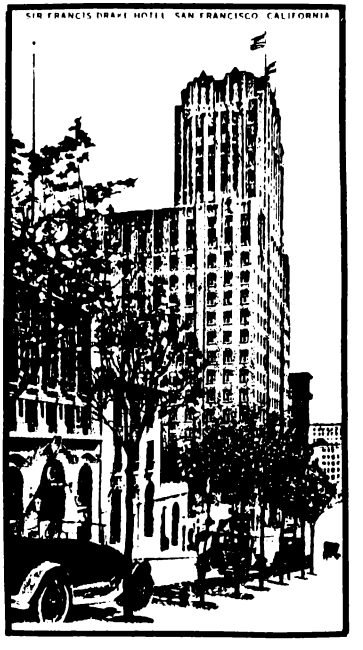
TOWER

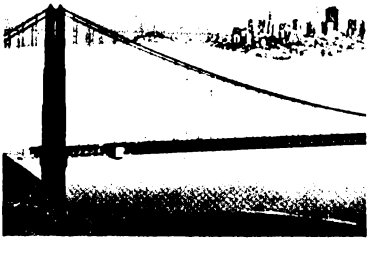
ER 39

GEARY/FILLMORE: The most amazing block is SF for morbid tourists. The big building on the corner (1805 Geary) has been, in turn: the FILLMORE of hippy fame; the Black Muslim Mosque during the Zebra killings; and, The Elite Club during 81-83 hardcore. Next door, at 1839 Geary, we have what was the Temple Beautiful, '79 punk palace. THE CLASH played a cool benefit there, once. And finally (best for last!), 1855 Geary was the authentic Jim Jone's PEOPLE'S TEMPLE, pre Jonestown. Punk rock historians may also want to check out shuttered WINTERLAND (Post/Steiner) where the SEX PISTOLS played their last gig.

BURRITT ALLEY (off Bush, near Stockton): Remember THE MALTESE FALCON? This is where Sam Spade's partner got offed to set the ball rolling. A plaque marks the spot, a must for trenchcoat photos. A jillion other Hammett locales are mapped out in the DASHIELL HAMMETT TOURBOOK by Don Herron. Miles Archer gave his life for tourism!!

SHED AND CONTENTS, PEOPLE TEMPLE AUCTION





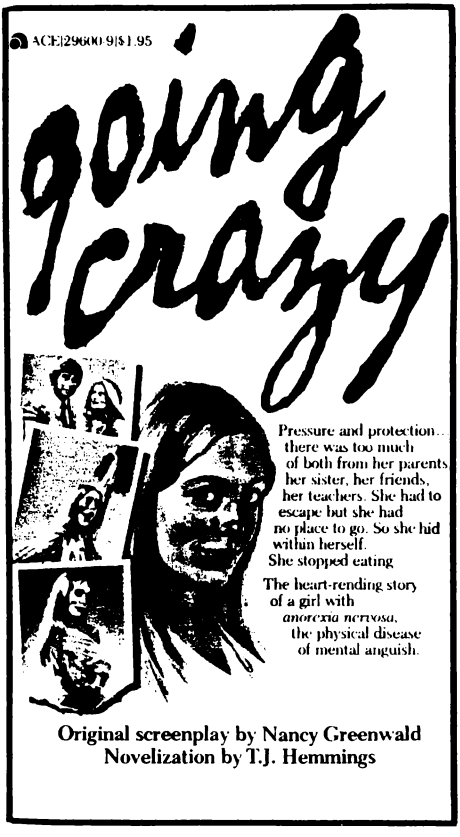
Guide to Museums

Guide to Dining

Guide to Adventuring

Dining with a View

Fat and Skinny had a race
All around the pillow case.
Fat fell down and broke her face.
Skinny said, "Ha, ha
I won the race."


ACE|29600-9|$1.95
going crazy
Pressure and protection... there was too much of both from her parents, her sister, her friends, her teachers. She had to escape but she had no place to go. So she hid within herself. She stopped eating
The heart-rending story of a girl with anorexia nervosa, the physical disease of mental anguish.
Original screenplay by Nancy Greenwald
Novelization by T.J. Hemmings

SIGNET•451 E9356•$1.75
SEVENTEEN, BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT. ROSEMARY HAD EVERYTHING – THEN WHY WAS SHE STARVING HERSELF TO DEATH?
GOODBYE, PAPER DOLL
A NOVEL BY
ANNE SNYDER

Gals see weight that's not there

IN

THE BEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE WORLD by Steven Levenkron - Warner, 1978
GOING CRAZY by T.J. Hemmings - Ace, 1979
GOODBYE, PAPER DOLL by Anne Snyder - Signet, 1980
MIRRORS NEVER LIE by Isaacsen-Bright - School Book Fairs, 1982
KATIE by Deborah Aydt - SBS, 1980
2ND STAR TO THE RIGHT by Deborah Hautzig - Avon, 1982

AKA...

ANOREXIA

THE SKINNIES HAVE IT!

There's a definite fascination out there with those delectable twin eating disorders, anorexia & bulimia. Thousands and thousands of people may starve to death, quite unwillingly, each day, but, in the best man-bites-dog tradition, all the ink get spillt on a few Amercan girls who just simply won't eat.

Of course, your average skinny will go out with alot more flair than the typical famine victim. Just the idea itself, starvation among the over-fed middle class, is wonderfully ironic, but these girls really put on a show and go completely off the deep end. They're surrounded by food - people may even try to shove it down their throats - but they won't eat. And not because they're not hungry - they'd love to eat, but food means calories and calories mean fat and they'd simply die if they were fat and gross. Of course, their idea of "fat & gross" is someone who just got out of Auschwitz.

This prusuit of the body beautiful is not just limited to a rigorous diet. They run around like crazy & exercise like maniacs. They develop weird, compulsive rituals: chew the food 20 times. Eat three curds of cottage cheese. Once in a while, they may lose control & go on a refridgerator-clearing eating binge. No problem - nothing a few fingers down the throat or a handful of Ex-Lax can't cure.

And THEY WILL NOT EAT. They're beyond the reach of force or logic. If the food is disappearing off that plate, chances are it's being hidden in a cupboard or chucked out the window.

Obviously, this is the foundation of a wonderfully sleazy sub-genre. Things seem to have started back in 1978 with THE BEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE WORLD. (Yes, it was a tv movie, too.) All the soon-to-be-standard plot elements are here: the starvation diet, the binges, the purges, the little rituals, and in the middle, dear little Francesca/Kessa wasting away to just 63 lbs. Mommie & Daddy were so proud of her because she was so good, but now all Mommie can do is wring her hands while Daddy growls at her to finish her peas. (She doesn't) They finally realize that she's sick, & it's off to the hospital. She's saved by a Young Dr. Kildare clone, but not before she learns the art of jogging while hooked to an IV.

Next up is GOING CRAZY, notable for a totally classic nervous breakdown. Halfway to class, Sandy realizes that she's forgotten her book. Should she go on to class & get yelled at for forgetting her book, or go back to her locker, get her books, and get yelled at for being late? She ends up just standing there looking dopey till the men in the white coats hauled her off.

After getting out of the hospital, Sandy discovers anorexia as a much more effective way of dealing with her twit parents. They insist on treating her like a 5-year old, & such little girls shouldn't go off to UCLA in the fall. A lotta starvation, a little exercise, and she's got Daddy trying to shove the food down her throat. Now enter the hip young psychologist to save the whole family with a stupid piece of psychodrama. Yeech!

- News Flash: Anorexia may also strike boys, poor people, and adults - but you'd never guess fron these books.

GOODBYE, PAPERDOLL breaks the mold a bit. For once, the family isn't totally grasping & overprotective. But all is not calm - Daddy is banging a cute litte redhead on the side. Pretty little Rosemary even has a boyfriend! He learns "cute little potbelly" is not a phrase to use in seducing an anorexic. Rosemary goes heavily into fasting & exercise, but light on the binges, and shows a real knack for hiding food in the hospital. The ending is so cornball You've got to read it yourself.

The cast in MIRRORS NEVER LIE is so dense that the word "anorexia" doesn't pop up until 3/4 of the way through. Little Bonnie's a cheerleader & track star, and figures losing a few pounds would be nice, and a few more even nicer. Next thing you know, she's ripping off her mother's purse for diet pill money. She gets dropped from the cheerleading squad because the kids were chanting "shake them bones". She manages to fool mommie & the doctor for a while by sewing lead weights in her sweater, but the gig's up when she collapses during the big track meet, and it's off to the hospital for the inevitable cure.

KATIE is the only real dog of the bunch. Sure, she's stopped eating, gags up what she does, & pops laxatives just to be safe, but she doesn't get into the real obsessive spirit. Spends more time worrying about senile Grannie than about important things like weight. No drama.

2ND STAR TO THE RIGHT makes up for this. Here, anorexia takes its rightful place at center stage as we really get inside Leslie's head as she heads down to 71 lbs. She just quietly goes about her business, doing what the little dictator in her head tells her. Diet. Exercise. Throw dinner out the window. Finally, when she's too weak to make it to the bus stop, the hospital. The only book which doesn't end with the heroine happily chowing down. Reality?

So, the all-around quality title goes to 2ND STAR, followed by BEST LITTLE GIRL. Sleaze awards to MIRRORS NEVER LIE & GOING CRAZY, with a nod to PAPER DOLL. And if you have all these, then it's time to join the Karen Carpenter Fan Club.

Wow, blank space. Time to tell you about all the neat stuff I've got planned for future issues. Eddie Seidel (kid who suicided when BATTLESTAR GALACTICA went off the air). Fatty Arbuckle (did he or didn't he?). Missing kids (they're not, really!). Manson. Speck. Gacy. Fish. Mary Bell. And of course, all the disasters caused by human error. Collapsing bridges! Exploding towns! Burning buildings! And for you literary types, future features include profiles/bibliographys of Anita Bryant, Cornell Woolrich, Ann Landers, Dear Abby, Jim Thompson, Lois Duncan, VC Andrews (Brother & Sister/ Sitting in a tree/ F-U-C-K-I-N-G...) and other oddballs.

Remember - TANSTAAFL! (Ie - send stamps)

READ HARD OR DIE

A couple of you whined to me last time about how you couldn't find the books I reviewed. Well, I can help. Lotsa the books I review, I can pick up duplicates, no problem, and I'm always interested in trading for other cool books. Don't just send me a book - I'll probably already have it. Send me a list & description of what you have, and tell me whay you want, & we'll work from there.

MODERN ENGLISH: A Trendy Slang Dictionary by Jennifer Blowdryer (Last Gasp, 1986 - $8.95)

Now, even the hickest hick from Nebraska can sound like the most jaded SF lifer or lounge lizard, simply by studying this book! The author has spent the last 6 years in nightclubs on 2 continents putting together this lexicon of the punk/new wave/art damage crowd, and it was time well spent. More than a touch of Pierce at work, here. "GUEST LIST: The list of the priveleged few who may attend a show for free. This is how you attend all the shows ... that leave you too tired to possibly hold down a job/ go all the way to the study to ask for a twenty from Daddy." Also somewhat more respectful sections on Sex/Drugs, Hasta, Skateboards, and Cholos. Lotsa neat pix. Buy or die.

THE BEAVER PAPERS by Will Jacobs & Gerard Jones (1983)

Think, for a moment, of the pretty, pristine world of "Leave It To Beaver". Now just for fun, think of what Mayfield would be like if scripted by Kerouac - Chandler - Dostoevsky - Kafka - Hemingway. How are the Beave & Wally going to deal with sex, drugs, & violence? Now you know. This book is a collection of Beaver scripts "as if written by". Wonderfully sick humour - Beaver, Richard, & Gilbert sodomise Whitey! Mary Ellen Rogers decapitated! Ward attempts hari-kari! Beaver beats Wally to a pulp! Quote: "No student of 'Leave It To Beaver' or great books will want to be without this book".

DEATH OF A PUNK by John P. Browner (Pocket Books, 1980)

As in "vicious hardcore". OK, as a hardboiled 'tec novel, this one sucks, but it's still great fun. Stupid tough guy gets hired to find a runaway punk in New York & ends up getting mixed up in a cocaine heist, hijacking ring, & fencing operation. Who cares, you're not reading it for the story. You're here to laugh at the stupid detective's ideas about punk, exactly what you'd expect from an old fart. CLASS OF '84, here we come. And you won't be disappointed.

STEP RIGHT UP! by Dan Mannix (1950)

The classic opening line: "I probably would have never become American's leading fire-eater if Flamo the Great hadn't happened to explode that night..." The true story of a guy, bumming around after college, who ended up becoming a fire-eater & a sword swallower in this really cool freak show. Wait till you read about the Human Ostrich's act.

THE BURNING BED by Faith McNulty

Better known as a TV movie with Farrah Fawcett. The true story of a woman whose husband regularily pounded the shit out of her for no apparent reasons.Had her too intimidated to fight back until, one night, she doused him with gasoline as he slept & burnt the whole house down, and got off with an innocent verdict! Before you start saying clever things like "Why didn't she just split on the asshole?", read. Sometimes, life isn't that simple.

ROADSIDE AMERICA by John Barth, etc. (Fireside, 1986 - $9.95)

A guidebook for the most terrifying trip you'll ever take, through the mind of the American Tourist as revealed by all the bizarre roadside attractions lining the highways. Places like Lawrence Welk Village, (Conway) Twitty City, Dogpatch USA, biblical theme parks, gator farms, & the Dillinger Mueseum. And, just in case you've cancelled that Europeop vacation this year, there's a Danish Village in California, a Swiss village in Georgia, a Stonehenge in Washington, and a Tower of Pisa in Illinois. Think of the airfare you'll save! RV, camera, and tacky bermuda shorts reccomended.

HOUSE OF DOLLS by Ka Tzetnik 135633

Jewish girl sent to concentration camp by Nazis. Instead of the slave labor/ditch digging routine, she's assigned to the "Joy Division" (yes, that's where they got the name), where stalwart Aryans get their last piece on their one-way trip to the eastern front.Check out these working conditions. (And you thought today's kiddy prostitutes had it rough!). Unfortunately, the book reads in a really confused, dreamy fashion, possibly the result of a bad translation, but isn't a complete loss. (Thanks, Joe)

THE SHOEMAKER by Flora Rheta Schreiber (1984)

This one sounded really promising, "a 38-year old shoemaker leading his 12-year old son on a spree of rape & murder". Guess again. Not that the material wasn't interesting to begin with. Joseph Kallinger was definitely out there; lotsa weird sex problems, delusions, hearing voices, the works, and he was the product of a fucked background (stepmom threatening to cut his weenie off!). But the book is boring, totally wrecked by the whiny approach Schreiber takes which makes it sound like it's getting watered down for PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? by Horace McCoy

Marathon dancing was one of the more ghoulish fads back in the '30s. Buncha people would pay to watch desperate, hungry kids dance for weeks, non-stop, with a $1000 for the last couple left standing. And you though football was inhumane! This novel focuses on one couple. He's a faceless loser, and she's just looking for someone to end it all for her. And the marathon slowly grinds them down.even more. Definitely a book for pessimists (hear, hear!!).

MOVIE GUIDE

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

Don't know why I let myself get talked into this one. Group of college students spend weekend at lavish island estate. Five minutes in, you hate every one & hope they get snuffed, and soon! & like 10 LITTLE INDIANS, the island is cut off, a killer is loose, they're dying one by one... Ho, hum. The climax, as the killer slowly approaches the screaming victim with an upraised knife, found me wishing I had a deck of cards for solataire. And then, there was this really stupid, cheap ending. Check the title.

MIXED BLOOD

I dunno, maybe if I had gone to art school. Couple of gangs shooting it out/up for control of drug traffic in Alphabet City. Directed by Paul Morrisey who did Warhol's FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA. Sorry, didn't like those, either.

PORTRAITS OF ANOREXIA

A real cool documentary about everyone's fave eating disorder. Revolves around interviews with a half-dozen skinnies, including a guy (!) & a girl on welfare (!!), plus the usual sorrority-girls in training. House comes down when one girl tells how Daddy is a food technologist & Mommie a dietician.

LETTER TO BREZHNEV

They're billing this as a"new wave comedy" though it's neither Couple of English factory girls (Laverne & Shirley with Cockney accents) meet some Russian sailors in a disco and bang! - next morning one girl is in "luv". They haven't even fucked. Yes, parting is such sweet sorrow, he leaves the next day. Poor girl ends up writing the Big Red Cheese for permission to join lover-boy. Gets it & goes, over the objections of her parents as you realize you're wasted $5.

PRETTY IN PINK

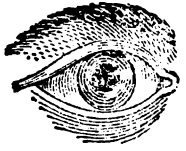
The new Molly Ringwall flick that's got them all a creamin'. And it's not bad, typical BMG - BLG - BGG plot, with her coming from the wrong side of the tracks (in a overdone new-wave disco dressup outfit) at that. A pleasant change of pace, here, with the teens acting like bumbling fuckups, not for laughs, but becasue it's what they are, and a nice little class war going between the rich BMW set & the poor new-wave set. Kinda reminds you of the real world, sometimes.

INCREDIBLY STRANGE MOVIES (Re/Search #10)

A book, not a movie, focusing on all those great cheapie B exploitation flicks. And, instead of the usual collection of movie reviews, we are treated to serious essays on the genres (biker films, J.D films, horror films, etc.) plus interviews with the great directors (Mikels, Meyer, H.G. Lewis, etc.). A refreshing feeling, to know that you're not the only one taking these seriously. ($15 by mail from Re/Search, 20 Romolo St., Ste. B/ SF, CA 94133)

JOHNNY MARR
P. O. BOX 640111
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109

To



☐ NOW!! OPEN UPON RECEIPT!
☐ URGENT!! OPEN PROMPTLY!
☐ TRASH. OPEN WHEN YOU WANT.

MINISTRY OF CULTURE
APPROVED